

WOMAN AND HER INTERESTS



COUNTRESS HELENA. A novel, by Gertrude Hagen. New York: G. W. Delingham Company. Bound in cloth, 19 mo. 215 pages; price, \$1.50. For sale by The Book and Stationery Company, Richmond.

This book professes to be the story of the life of a woman of the German nobility and presents many surprising scenes from German life. It is really a libel on German character. There is not a chaste woman in the story, save one, and she, poor soul, goes crazy.

The men are no better than the women, most of them dissipated ones, with no sense of honor or chivalry. There is absolutely no well-defined plot, and the story is not even sufficiently pleasant to be entertaining.

The characters are mere wooden figures, without life or individuality. Possibly there may be a few characters among the German nobility such as our author pictures, but they certainly cannot be sufficiently numerous to be considered as a realistic type.

"Countess Helena" certainly belongs to that class of stories, alas, too numerous; which were better unwritten, and which we can only hope will speedily pass into oblivion.

STORIES OF THE RAILROAD, by Jno. A. Hill. Chicago: Jamieson-Higgins Company. Paper; illustrated; price, 50 cents.

This volume consists of nine short stories relating to the adventures of the knights of the throttle. If we mistake not several of these have already appeared in McClure's Magazine. They are mixtures of humor and pathos, and, taken together, and the details of everyday life on an engine, and through most of them runs the golden thread of romance which brightens their work-day world. It is a collection of well-told stories, calling attention to the dangers and heroisms of a class of workers of whom the general public knows little, and yet upon whose devotion to duty the lives of many daily depend.

THE CRADLE OF THE REPUBLIC—JAMESTOWN AND JAMES RIVER, by Lyon G. Tyler, Whittey & Sheperdson, Richmond, Va., Publishers.

This is more than a guide book. It is the work of a scholar on the historic places from the head of Tidewater to the James River to the sea. All of the elements can be accepted without question. It tells us all there is to tell about Jamestown and Jamestown Island, in a most satisfactory way. Strangers, as well as citizens, will find the book exceedingly valuable. There is no headland between Richmond and the Atlantic without a name. One would often like to know what the origin of some of the rather peculiar names. Take for example, "Wingbury Spit," opposite Old Point Comfort, on Chesapeake Bay, and we find (p. 129) that its correct name is "Wingbury's Sand-Spit," named from Col. Thomas Wingbury, a member of the Council from 1674 to 1682, and related to the family of Lord Willoughby, Governor of Barbadoes. His descendants are numerous. The author very properly gives the real date, by the present mode of computing time, of the landing of Jamestown, May 24th, and not May 14th, 1607, (p. 20) and calls attention to the difference between the old and new style.

All that is known of Jamestown is to be found within the covers of "The Cradle of the Republic." It is complete as an index, and yet it is much more than a guide book, for it is a labor of love for the scholarly author. It is as well printed and bound as any book of its kind, and it is one of our great publishing houses, as well as the author. Prof. Tyler has never done a better piece of work.

Literary Notes.

Anthony Hope has just finished reading the manuscript of a novel, which is to be published early in September.

Mr. Rudyard Kipling is now just finishing a novel upon which he has been at work during the last few years, and called "Kim of the North." (Kipling's meaning) the story of a young girl from the West, who is the subject of an expedition by a Professor in Barnard College, which transforms her into the most beautiful woman in the world.

In "The Bacillus of Beauty," which they will publish, the authors, H. C. Barker and E. A. Stokes Co. claim to have that rarest of all books, a novel with a fresh and unacknowledged plot and treatment. It tells the story of a young girl from the West, who is the subject of an expedition by a Professor in Barnard College, which transforms her into the most beautiful woman in the world.

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"The Lane That Has No Turning" is the title of a new book by Mr. Gilbert Barker, which will be published by Doubleday, Page & Co. in the autumn. It is a dramatic story of Quebec, Mr. Barker's favorite literary hunting-ground, and will be a first book published by Mr. Barker since 1894.

A beautiful little volume of verse bearing the attractive title of "In Cupid's Court," will shortly be issued with R. Russell's imprint. Miss Ida Russell Warren has collected a number of lyric and love poems by ancient and modern poets, and under Mr. Russell's imprint has put in dainty form, with full page reproductions of pictures of Cupid as seen by the eyes of Titian, Raphael, Guercino and Fraeschini.

Sir Walter Besant's new novel, "The Fourth Generation," is to be published almost immediately. He writes to his American publishers that the book is a romance of modern days, the motif of which is the apparent injustice contained in the tradition of the father's sins upon the children.

Why He Collapsed. "What," he exclaimed as he hurried to where the crowd had gathered, "was the ambulance called for?"

"They've just taken a man away in a precarious condition, what happened to him?"

"It was a case of heart disease. He had made an appointment to meet his wife here on this corner at 3 o'clock precisely."

"Yes?"

"He got here exactly on time."

"And he had to run so far to do this that his heart went back on him?"

"No. He didn't run at all. He found the lady waiting when he got here."—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

It Generally Does Come to Pass. We ask a dear friend, when we find him alone.

For his private opinion, mayhap. And it should chance to agree with our own.

He's a mighty intelligent chap. But if his advice isn't what we expect, Or say, if it should ever come to pass Our own cherished notions he'll calmly reject.

We declare him an adjective ass.—Puck-Me-Up.

CURRENT LITERATURE FOR BUSY READERS

On the Links.

She is surpassing fair, and so I linger still her face to see, And oft I sigh, for well I know She dreams of golf and not of me. I seek to babble and be gay; Her eye from mine no rapture drinks; I cannot lure her thoughts away; Her mind is ever on the links.

I brought a book; 'twas leather bound; I'd ever slighted it before; Its pages yellow, yet profound, Were filled with zoologic lore.

"What nature, pray, do you like best?" Quoth I. (My voice to pathos sinks.) She smiles and says: "More than the rest I think I should prefer the lynx."

An hour we wandered through the grove; I said that I had not time to read; If she would but consent to rove A little while that way with me.

The birds sing loud. "What birds," I cry, "Are sweetest to your ear?" The lynx, Without a pause, gives me reply: "My favorite birds are bob-o-links."

And then I turned to literature. My heart awoke to lyric gleams; For on that topic I was sure Her thoughts by mine must guided be.

"What books most please your gentle taste?" Her steadfast eye she never winks. I'm vanquished. I retire in haste. She simply answers, "Matterlinck's."

—Philander Johnson, in The Smart Set.

Club Life in China.

Club life is not confined to civilized Western countries. The rich Chinaman has his club for centuries, and, as a rule, in the elegance and splendor of the internal decorations there is nothing comparable with it in London or New York.

Most of the larger Chinese cities, like Canton or Peking, contain a club for mandarins and rich men with pretensions to rank. Some have a political taint, some are merely social, but all have one peculiar feature. This is a room or oratory set strictly apart for religious exercises.

In the oratory the image of a Chinese god is placed. From time to time members of the club enter the sanctuary to offer their devotions. Apparently it is no uncommon thing at the beginning or successful ending of a great enterprise—such as, say, the murder of an enemy or the consummation of a political conspiracy—to see a Chinaman listening from the secular part of his club bearing a rich offering, or a prayer, for the god in the club sanctuary.

He observes his devotions with a gravity that bears witness to his sincerity. Some devout Chinamen visit the god the moment they enter the club building, and again prostrate themselves the last thing before leaving. The club god is not usually a war divinity, but now, in the centers where the Boxers hold sway undisturbed, it is more than probable that the Boxer god has been placed in the clubs.—The London Mail.

Modern Church Music.

Within a hundred years the methods of church administration and work have changed materially. It has not been a change involving catastrophe, but one of growth. Consider the single item of church music. Well-nigh the distance of a diameter lies between the church music of the beginning and the end of the century. Recall the dismal hymns, lined out by more dismal tunes, and the dreary organ accompaniment, and an Indian medicine dance. Our fathers did not rise up on a certain day and say: "Henceforth we are done with them!" But as the musical cultivation of the people advanced, church music perforce shared in the general movement. It is a fact that bigotry has succeeded in holding the church pretty steadily to the rear of the advancing column, but no institution can live wholly outside of its own generation.

The bigotry which has plausibly shut the door of modern church music is a survival of that accursed which nipped, like a killing frost, everything vernal in the religious life. But as the rigors of bigotry have softened in the growing warmth of general enlightenment, and the love and culture of music have steadily advanced, the organ has quietly dropped its old methods and has unconsciously taken on the new, until to-day it may be truthfully said that the best music of the world is laid under tribute for church services.

Even the wicked music of the heels is sometimes so judiciously "dressed up" and subdued in color and punctuation, as to solemn pauses that staid deacons decorously, innocently pace to their pews to strains from an opera.—Harper's Magazine.

The English Soldier and His Religion. On one occasion a man intimated his desire to see the chaplain, and was duly confronted with the Colonel. "Now," said the Colonel, "I hear you want to change your religion. What are your reasons? Have you conscientious convictions in regard to the matter?" The man intimated that he had. "And," continued the Colonel, "to what denomination do you wish to be transferred?"

Said the ease-seeking Tommy, "I disremember the name, Sir; but it's them as parades for church half an hour later than the others." Possibly he may have had some special reason for his desire. A regimental war once said to a Chaplain friend of mine, "We call your men the 'old dinner lot,' Sir."

"Why?" said my friend. "Because you preach so jolly long, Sir, that the dinner's always cold before they get back to barracks." "Indeed," said the Chaplain, "and what may you be?" "Oh, I'm a 'doorstep' man." "Whatever is that?" asked the bewildered parson. "Well, Sir, my lot goes to early service, and the breakfast bread is as hard as a stone when we get back." So there may have been something, after all, that more than meets the common comprehension in the desire of Tommy to parade for church half an hour later.

Atkins has a high respect for his Chaplain when the Chaplain is "a good 'un"; or, in other words, when he is a manly fellow, kindly, tactful, and what he professes to be. Tommy does not like the namby-pamby deacon or "old-pilot," as he sometimes terms his spiritual guides; and anything like sham is quickly detected and held in abhorrence by him. For cowardice, physical or moral, especially in leadership, he has only detestation and contempt. In church he is, for the most part, attentive and devout. He dearly loves a hearty sing, and given a hymn which calls up memories of early days, and a tune that he knows and likes, you'll hear busy hands part in the service the music at a parade service is something to be remembered.—The Quiver.

How Porto Rico May be Developed. Porto Rico is an utter stranger to emulation, and is not well acquainted with competition. As soon as the highways are constructed it would be wise to divide the island into six or seven districts, with San Juan, Arecibo, Mayaguez, Ponce, Cayey, etc., as the centers of the districts, and institute annual district or county fairs.

These people take to carnivals naturally, and I have no doubt that they would be a success from the start if properly managed. With prizes of money (or a gaudy decoration) it is possible that some little emulation could be cultivated, to the benefit of the quality of the products of the island. Such fairs would bring out (not telltale) a truly marvelous display of women's work, in lace, drawn work, etc., and also of guava and other dulce. If it

district or county fairs were held Sextagesima week an insular fair could be held at San Juan during carnival week, which would well be worth the voyage from the States to see.—Albert W. Buel, in The Engineering Magazine for August.

OFFICERS NOT GENTLEMEN. English Prisoners Complained of by Women They Insulted.

The British officers in their contempt for their captors behaved in a most ungentlemanlike, ungentlemanly, and, for their own good, a most foolish manner. They drew offensive caricatures of the Boers over the walls of the school-houses, destroyed the children's copy books and text books, which certainly was a silly performance and one showing no great sign of valor, and were rude and "cheeky" to the Boer officials, boasting of what their fellow soldiers would do to them when they took Pretoria.

Their chief offense, however, was in speaking to and shouting at the ladies and young girls who walked past the school-house. Personally, I do not believe that every one of them misbehaved in this manner, but it was true of so many that their misconduct brought discredit on all.

At last the officers grew so offensive that

the water there was always a boat. Very lonely and very far apart were these desolate farms; and it was clear why men who could not find sustenance from the land embarked on the sea and became rovers, pirates, sea-robbers and marauders. In histories, all Scandinavian pirates are termed "Danes"; but the ancestors of our honest Norwegian friends furnished a large contingent of these so-called Danes. In Norwegian the imagination is always impressed and depressed by the terrors of the cruel winters, and how can these widely separated little homesteads provide food or mix in human intercourse, or obtain medical assistance in case of need? One shudders to think how great the sufferings of these isolated farmers, their wives and children, may sometimes be. Can it be that they abandoned such inhospitable dwellings until the dreeling year brings round the blessing and warmth of summer? In summer, communication is always possible by water, and a doctor could occasionally bring them health and help—but in winter! We heard some sad stories of winter misery and want. Now, the Norwegian has abandoned piracy, and is a sea rover only as an emigrant. He goes much to America.—Good Words.

Indian Doctor. A very interesting character frequently met with in the Andes is the Challaguero or Indian doctor, as he is familiarly known. You find him everywhere—resting on the benches of the plazas in the city, tramping over the mountain trails, sunning himself against the wall of a cabin by the railway station, drinking chicha in the market place, inspecting cattle in the corral of the hacienda, and curing the sick persons in their mud huts. You find him in the railway cars and among the deck passengers on the coast steamers, where he pays his way by practicing his profession. With no wardrobe but the clothes upon his back and a bright-colored poncho, he travels barefooted, carrying a pack filled with dried herbs done up in neat paper packages, cheap jewelry, pocket handkerchiefs and ribbons, watches and other articles for personal adornment, knives, forks, and spoons, telescopes, small mirrors, combs and brushes, and other small merchandise, which he sells for cash or trade for eggs and poultry, chocolate, beans, and coconuts, to be exchanged at the next town for more portable property.—The National Geographic Magazine.

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—Mama Irving in Leslie's Weekly.

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But you, dull swine of nations, have lolled on, Turning from progress with contemptuous grin, Wallowing in bigotry's worst mire and reek.

Till clear at last, for myriad eyes to scan, Blistering the vast Wall round your vile Peking.

Fate burns the words that blanch'd Balaazar's cheek! —Edgar Fawcett in Collier's Weekly.

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Norwegians Past and Present. The hills along the fjords descended sheer into the deep water. There was practically very little ground for grazing or for growing, but, wherever there was a ragged patch of uneven or sloping green-

land, there was always a boat. Very lonely and very far apart were these desolate farms; and it was clear why men who could not find sustenance from the land embarked on the sea and became rovers, pirates, sea-robbers and marauders. In histories, all Scandinavian pirates are termed "Danes"; but the ancestors of our honest Norwegian friends furnished a large contingent of these so-called Danes. In Norwegian the imagination is always impressed and depressed by the terrors of the cruel winters, and how can these widely separated little hom